

THERE IS NO SEPTEMBER

By RAPIDPUNCHES

Spooky, scary strangers cross welcome mats
pass a darkened building where no one goes
because 'here lives giant vampire bats'
and on the wooden steps sleep witches' cats
not fond of flight though love some place to doze,
eating pie, scattering crumbs to lure rats.

Scarecrows, clowns, and prop skeletons leer.
Goblins, ghosts, and ghouls! What an awful fright!
Gathering candy? What a ghastly sight!
Some dress for fun, and others what they fear.

We itch and we shiver in costume
cheap polyester, cheese cloth, and burlap
like zombies shambling from embossed tombs
puddles splashing, soles muddy and crusty
chatter perhaps waking ghosts from a nap

'How to warm a cold?' 'Chicken noodle soups!'
'How to be safe?' 'Trick or treating in groups!'
'Oh! How the molding leaves smell so musty'
'Look, thick spiderweb draping the eaves'
'Watch your step', black slugs shine among the leaves.

Phone lines sag under a murder of crows

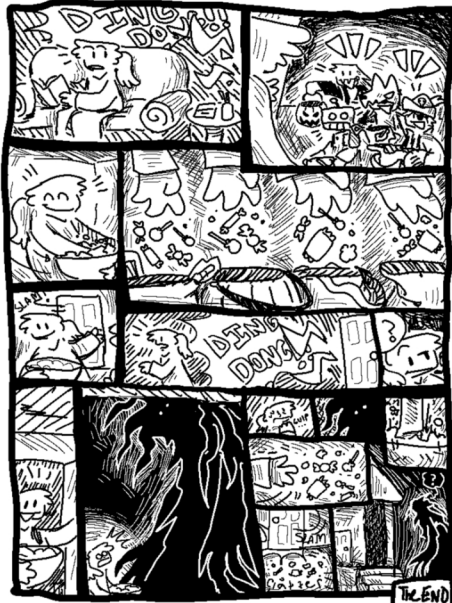
above the dim glow of gutted pumpkins
Trees turn yellow, orange, red, in the park
Houses like mausoleums wait in rows
for children with aching feet and numb shins
when the long walk home starts to feel chilly
Suddenly more weary of the pitch dark
Imagining, and getting scared silly.

Time to mind the doors, watch for the undead,
stay awake, when we used to go to bed.

The evening moon is covered by shroud.
The playground set creaks, the backyard pond stirs.
Windows shake and shudder, the wind is loud.
Inside each of these old haunts are lost rooms
closed-off attics hiding many spiders
walk-in closets that harbor large monsters
damp basements with corners growing mushrooms
dogs who are werewolves and vicious biters.

Things normal in the day look strange at night.
Fairy rings of toadstools, creepy lawn gnomes,
porch lights blinking before pale and wan homes.
Sun sets soon—better turn on the light.

There is no September—never has been,
and no October—only Halloween.



Something was jingling. *Clink. Clink. Clink.*
Its weak rhythm barely survived the drone of the bus.
The bus is loud. All sounds become the same. In this
way, it is a quiet place.

Clink.

I slouched, waiting for my stop and staring at my
knees. I cared very little for those coming and going
around me. Strangers with children and rustling coats
and things to jingle... I didn't care.
One sat on my left. We were close enough to touch
legs. Based on the volume, there were other seats and
no reasons to get cozy.

"I killed someone." The voice was old and happy.

"No one even saw. They won't know. The body's
gone."

"Oh?"

"Yes! I've waited for years. I didn't think I'd
ever do it. Just goes to show you should never
underestimate yourself."

"So true."

Clink. Clink. Clink. Clink.

Hot breath was on my neck. "You won't tell anyone,
will you? Promise?"

"They won't believe me."

A laugh. I felt a spray of something hit my neck.
The leg left, leaving me cold.

Clink. Ca-clink.

The bus hissed.

"So long."

My commute usually took a fair amount of time.
Can't say I mind. There is some value in having an
ambient place to think.

The seats shifted. I heard a quiet, delicate sob,
but said nothing, did nothing. What could anyone
do?

"I think about you." So broken, so heavy-laden and
distressed. "Do you think of me?"

"I don't even know you."

A soft kiss where my cheekbone met my ear. "You
always forget. Maybe this time... Maybe once... Think
of yourself."

"No."

The stranger's heavy footsteps and elevated sobs
stormed to the other end of the bus, perhaps farther.
They were gone.

Clink.

I wasn't alone.

Clink.

Sometimes, you just feel it.

Clink. Clink.

Not just a physical sense of who's here or who's
not.

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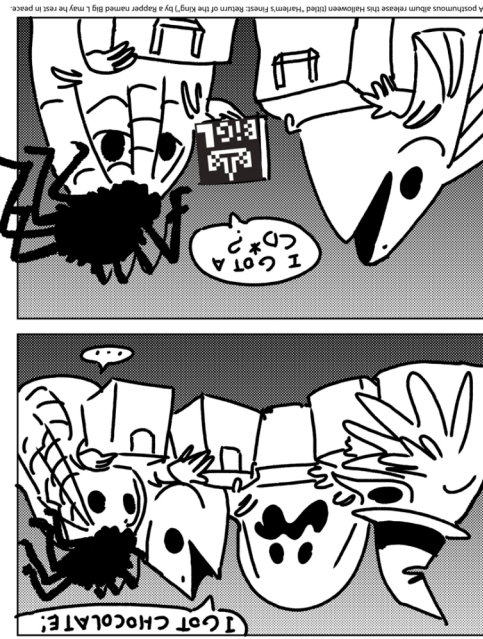
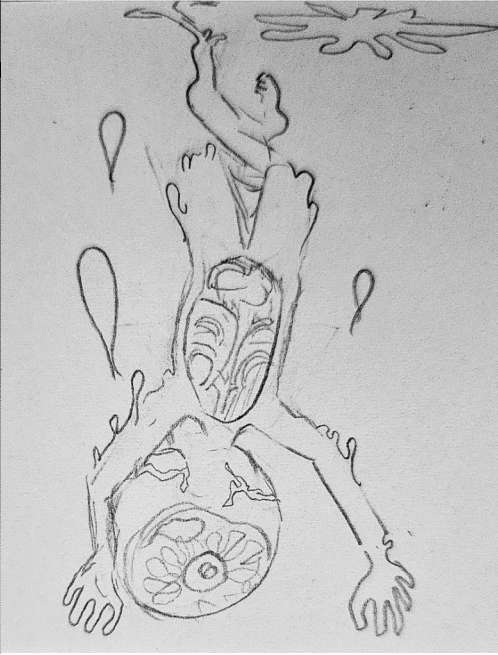
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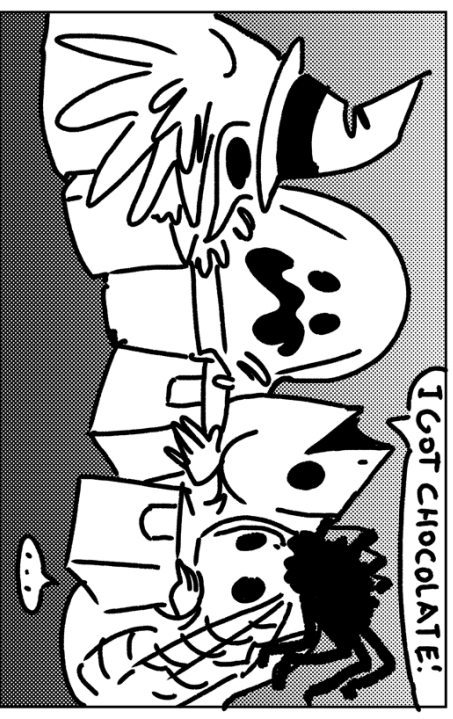
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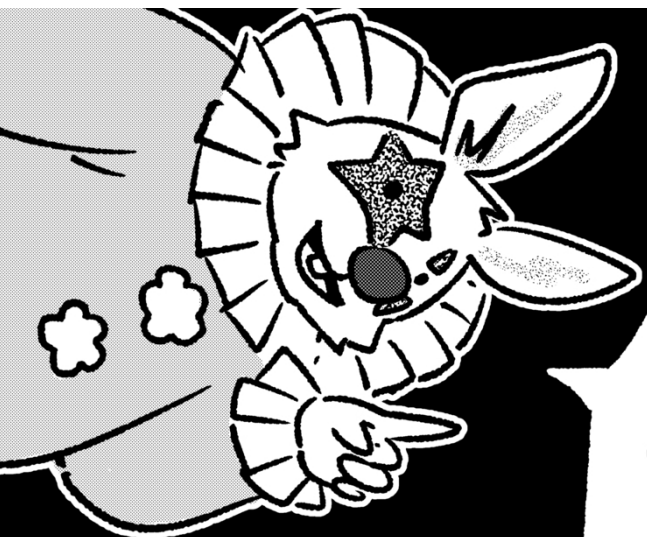


*A posthumous album release this Halloween (titled "Hearien's Finest: Return of the King") by a rapper named Big L may be rest in peace.

YO IT'S ME RAPIDPUNCHES! I'M PART OF
AN ARTIST COLLECTIVE CALLED
THE SKELETON CREW AND WE ARE HOSTING
A HALLOWEEN ANTHOLOGY ZINE
TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE DIGITALLY!!



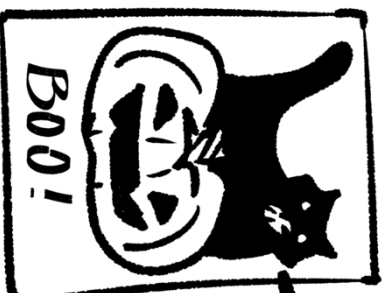
Create black & white Halloween-
themed art and stories doodles
drawings prose & poetry that will fit
on 8.5x11" scaled ratio (think photo-
copier & printer friendly)
and submit to our zine
by mid-October
please!



SUBMIT
SOMETHING
TO OUR ZINE



GHOSTS
GOBLINS
GHOULS
OH MY!



8.5

I DON'T CARE IF YOU SPEND
MINUTES OR WEEKS ON IT
JUST SEND YOUR CREATION IN!
THINK OF IT AS DRESSING UP
A LITTLE GUY AND SENDING
THEM TO A HALLOWEEN PARTY :)
OR YOU ARE AT THE PARTY
AND YOU TELL US A SCARY STORY!



